

Teenage dream by feminita

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Summary:

Spending you teenage years with the person you love never sounded so good

Teenage dream

Author's Note:

Did I just pull an all nighter to finish this one shot
and now I'm publishing it as I wait to board a plane?

The answer is yes

Song: Teenage dream - Katy Perry

You think I'm pretty without any makeup on

Mike thought El was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen (and would ever see) since the moment they met in Mirkwood under the pouring rain. It didn't matter that El didn't have any hair or that she wasn't conventionally pretty like some girls at school or soap opera actresses.

She had the cutest button nose, one that every girl would die for

Her pouty lips made Mike question if girls really had cooties, because it wouldn't be *that* bad to have them pressed against his own

Her crooked smile, the one he got to see once she was comfortable enough around him, seemed to light up every room. It was a shame that the world had been deprived from it for so much time

Her doe like brown eyes captured so many feelings all at once and put them together in a beautiful, deep ocean that Mike couldn't help but get lost into. Every different emotion was a wave and Mike was hit by each single one of them.

That's why when she asked him if she was still pretty after taking off her blonde wig and cleaning all the inexperiencedly applied makeup he had previously applied, he didn't miss a beat and said that she was, indeed, still pretty. *Really pretty.*

Don't get him wrong, when she walked out of the bathroom some hours ago with her pink dress and her soft smile, Mike had been awestruck. He had admired how the fake hair framed her face and

how her lips were glossy with lipgloss, his heart speeding up and the word *pretty* immediately leaving his mouth without his permission.

However, it wasn't the makeup or the hair what made her pretty. It was being *her*. Always her.

You think I'm funny when I tell the punchline wrong

After El returned from closing the gate, Hopper had promised to never keep her and Mike away again. That resulted in everyday visits to the cabin the year she still couldn't be seen by everybody. Mike would always go after school, giving her his watch and smiling when she asked if classes still finished at 3:15 (he smiled wider when he realized she had said three fifteen rather than three one five. She had learnt an incredible amount of stuff since he last saw her and he was just *so proud*) .

During his visits in the cabin, Mike and El did everything they couldn't do the previous 353 days.

They read books together, taking turns to read out loud some pages while lying their heads in the other's lap and getting their hair played with in the softest way.

They tried to cook some things other than eggos, Mike wanting to show El all the delicious food she had never tried before. After some kitchen incidents involving knives chopping fingers and fire reaching the curtains they managed to make pretty decent food. They cooked everything from real waffles to scrambled eggs and *ew Mike syrup is horrible on eggs why did you make me do that*.

But most importantly, they talked for hours on end about everything and nothing at all. El kept learning how to speak properly, and while Mike always did the most talking, she was starting to catch up with him.

"Hopper taught me a something yesterday when we were learning the abc. He called it a *jo-ke* " El said one afternoon

“He did? How does it go?” Mike asked, surprised. He didn’t imagine the chief as a jokes person.

“Knock, knock”

“Who’s there?”

“Abe”

“Abe who?”

“Abe C E D F G H...” El finished, singing the letters

Mike immediately laughed at the girl’s adorableness. The joke wasn’t funny, but she had messed up the order of the letters and it made her look so innocent and cute that Mike couldn’t help himself.

“Funny?” El asked with a small smile

“Very funny, El” he said “but the D comes before the E. So it goes A B C D E F G H...”

El’s heart swell with adoration for the boy sitting next to her on the couch. She had messed up the joke but he still found it funny, and he also had taken the time to help her get it right. Some years later, the warmth in her chest and the pink on her cheeks would have a name. She would name it and it would feel *so right* that she wouldn’t be able to hold it in, but she wouldn’t need to, because Mike would say it right back to her.

But that would be later. That day, they spent their time together with new jokes being taught and new topics being spoken and new love growing between them.

I know you get me, so I let my walls come down

That day hadn’t been the best. Will was still missing and school was harder every day without him. Walking through the woods with El by

his side helped Mike clear his mind even though they weren't there for the best reason possible.

His school day had been miserable, with his bully Troy not leaving him alone and eventually tripping him. Mike hated Troy, but what he hated the most was feeling like he couldn't do anything to defend himself. Troy made him feel small and ashamed of being him.

So it was no surprise when he lied to El after she had asked what had happened to him. He knew that she wouldn't believe that he fell at recess, but he still didn't want to tell her the truth. He didn't want his cru- *his friend* to know he was such a loser.

It was no surprise either when El asked for the truth once more. He reluctantly told her what really had happened, already bracing himself for her mocking laugh or her pitiful *you're a wasteoid* look.

What he got instead was much, much better. All small smiles and soft words, El told him she understood. Mike couldn't believe that she didn't change his mind about him, his mind now quiet after his rambling fearful thoughts and his heart pounding in his chest. El hadn't questioned him. She hadn't mocked him or treated him different. She was just so-

"Cool"

Before you met me, I was alright but things were kinda heavy, you brought me to life

Mike's life at his house wasn't ideal, either. His father didn't care about him. Like, at all. His sister was too busy hanging out with her friends and her boyfriend to pay attention to him, and Holly was still a baby. His mother was kind of okay, but he still heard her getting drunk and screaming nonsenses in the kitchen at three in the morning when she thought everybody else was asleep. Underneath her façade, she was a broken woman and her son knew it.

School wasn't much better. His friends and him were definitely the

losers of his school, the lowest in the middle school hierarchy. Bullies always picked them for their harshest jokes and girls didn't even come near him.

That changed when one shaved head, big brown eyed girl entered his world. She was the first girl to ever approach him and she was simultaneously the coolest girl he'd ever met. She even had *superpowers*, for god's sake!

She had brightened up his life when he met her, his family and schoolmates suddenly becoming way less important than they once were. All he cared about was this new mysterious girl and how she seemed to think that he was just the best guy to ever exist.

However, when she left him, the world had become darker than ever and a part of him (his heart? his soul?) had died. He became a different person, the smart and creative kid being replaced by a moody, rebellious teen. He didn't speak to his family and he wasn't the same with his party. Even though Will was back, something was still missing. She had taken it with her.

But when she came back, *oh god when she came back* , the world was suddenly the brightest it had ever been. Everything was radiant and Mike was sure he would become blind from so much light around him, but he didn't care. He was alive again.

Now every february you'll be my valentine

Special holidays such as Christmas and Thanksgiving were soon El's favorite times of the year. Being with her loved ones sharing a special date was amazing. She had what she'd always wanted: *a family*.

Her favorite holiday was without a doubt Valentine's day. The first time she celebrated it, everybody had gotten a card for her. They were determined to make her first Valentine's the most special of all.

Hopper had gotten her flowers and had prepared heart shaped eggos which, in spite of being normal eggos cut in the shape of a heart,

tasted better than any other eggo she had tasted. Will had made her a card from scratch, drawing her as a superhero rescuing him from the upside down. She had almost teared up when he gave it to her. Dustin had gotten her the most hilarious store bought card which she *loved*.

Despite all the other gifts, none could beat Mike's. He had thought everything so carefully that El was sure he had started planning it months ago.

Just as she finished her last bite of breakfast, someone knocked on the cabin door. That could only mean...

El sprinted from her seat to the door, opening it with her mind on the process. She immediately launched herself into Mike's arms, which almost made him lose his balance. She enveloped him in a hug with her arms around his middle, squeezing him.

Mike laughed at her display of affection, wrapping his arms around her small frame

"Hey El" he mumbled into her hair, leaving a kiss there afterwards

"Hi Mike" she greeted him, and he could feel her smile growing against his chest.

They went inside after breaking their embrace. Mike greeted Hopper and wiggled out of his winter coat, leaving it on the couch. El grabbed his hand and led him to her room, rolling her eyes as Hopper reminded them for the hundredth time that the door should stay open.

"Here" she said right after they had entered the room, grabbing something from her bed. "I made you a card"

She had spent hours that week making handmade cards for everybody, taking extra time with Mike's. It was red and it was neatly cut into a heart shape. She had decorated it with glitter and had written "for Mike, with love" in her messy handwriting.

Mike admired it in his hands. It wasn't perfectly made and it wasn't much, but it was so thoughtful and *his*. That alone made it perfect.

"This is perfect El, thank you" he told her, smiling widely and pecking her cheek, which made them both blush." I got you something, too" he said, feeling suddenly nervous about his gift.

He took out the small box from his pocket and he gave it to her. He watched El lovingly as her face lit up when she saw what was inside it.

"This is a promise ring. I chose it because of the snowball." he explained her. "It's a way to show you that I'll always keep my promise to you. I promise to always be there when you need me, and I promise to never be away from you, never again. I promise to never, ever give up on you. And I promise to never leave you. If you go, I'll go with you. If you stay, I'll stay with you." He said, trying to be as confident as possible with his words.

El's eyes filled with tears as she got a hold of the ring and put it in her finger. It was made out of little silver snowflakes that were connected by their ends. She loved it, and she loved what it symbolized. *Perfect.*

She got on the tip of her toes and she reached for Mike's face with her hands, him meeting her halfway for a chaste, sweet kiss. How had she lived so much time without this in her life? *Yeah, this was definitely her favorite holiday.*

Let's go all the way tonight, no regrets, just love. We can dance until we die, you and I will be young forever

El still remembered the first time she and Mike made love. How could she forget? They were 17, only months away from finishing high school. They still hung out all the time, their love growing every minute they spent together. In addition to being boyfriend and girlfriend, they were each other's best friends.

Hopper and Joyce had left on a small vacation to New York, where they were going to visit John who was studying photography at NYU.

They had gotten married a year or so ago and they couldn't be happier.

Will knew that El would want to spend at least a night alone with Mike, so being the good brother that he was, he left to spend the night at Dustin's along with Lucas and Max.

The party had teased El and Mike endlessly about missing their reunion to be alone, but they couldn't care less. They didn't get much alone time and they would take whatever chance they got to have it.

The night found them dancing ridiculously in the living room. They went from The Clash to Footloose, and now they were swaying gracefully to Time After Time. They were both laughing at their uncoordinated moves, but Mike's laughter died down as he looked dazedly at his girlfriend and wrapped his arms around her waist. She was still giggling, cheeks tinted with a pretty shade of pink from laughing that much. She was the most enchanting sight he had ever seen.

"I love you, El" he leaned down and whispered huskily in her ear. "I love you so much" he told her, moving to kiss her earlobe, under her ear, the upper part of her neck...

El's giggles turned to breath hitched in her throat at the feeling. She loved when Mike kissed her neck during their makeout sessions (which happened *a lot*).

The air around them changed as Mike moved the collar of El's shirt to get access to her shoulder and her collarbones. They suddenly felt electric and hot, and as El let a tiny moan when he sucked at the spot that joined her neck and her shoulder, heat pooled low in Mike's body.

They left a trail of clothes all the way from the living room to El's bedroom, landing on her bed only in their underwear. They had seen each other almost naked before during a particularly heated makeout session, but this felt different. It was time. They knew it.

The following hours were spent between uncertain caresses, loving words mumbled softly in each other's ears, moans and whimpers and

shivers and love. *So much love.*

When they were finished, they lay in El's bed with wide smiles. Their first time had been perfect, finally putting the connection between them into actions.

When El looked at Mike's sleeping face some minutes later, she couldn't help but feel that they would always stay like they were in that moment. Blissfully relaxed from their previous highs, young and in love. They would grow up, yes, but they wouldn't grow old. They were eternal.

You make me feel like I'm living a teenage dream, the way you turn me on. I can't sleep, let's run away and don't ever look back

El often had nightmares. She dreamed about Papa, the demogorgon, the mind flayer, the time she had spent isolated from everyone she loved. She woke up crying, sometimes screaming, and needing *one person* by her side.

She never woke up Mike at night when she knew she could handle things on her own. However, that night she had dreamed about big teeth sinking in her boyfriend's flesh and she just needed to see him. She needed to know he was okay.

A supercomm call was all that was needed for Mike to stand on her door ten minutes later, his bike thrown next to Hopper's car and his breath quick from exhaustion. Now that El and Hopper had moved to a house in the town, it was easier for Mike to get there, but he wasn't the most athletic person and the quick bike ride left him tired.

They sneakily went inside trying not to wake Hopper up, making their way to El's bedroom. There, El cried and told him what she had dreamed. The image terrified Mike, having seen with his own eyes how the demodogs had eaten Bob alive to the bone. However, what worried him the most were El's tears.

He held her, laying both their bodies on the bed, whispering

reassuring words of comfort. After some minutes, El was much calmer and her tears had stopped.

“I should go back to my house. Hopper will kill me if he finds me sleeping here tomorrow morning” he told El. He didn’t want to go, but he also wanted to live more than just a few hours

“No, please, stay” El told him, wiggling out of his embrace to look him in the face. “Dad won’t kill you. I won’t let him”

El could tell that Mike was uncertain, so she did what she knew could distract him best: she kissed him.

What started out as an innocent kiss became more intense, almost hungry. Mike was sure they had never made out before, they were 15 and inexperienced, but this could definitely count as that. Mike’s mouth seemed to have a mind of his own as he moved his tongue to caress El’s lower lip. El whimpered at the feeling, the sound going straight to Mike’s lower region. He was tongue kissing his girlfriend while lying with her on her bed in the middle of the night and *oh god it felt so good he could die.*

Not wanting things to get more carried away, Mike reluctantly detached his lips from El’s. The previous feeling was just amazing, but he knew they were just kids and they couldn’t keep on going until things got more serious.

“You know what” he breathlessly said. “if your dad wants to kill me tomorrow, we’ll run away and live in the middle of the jungle or whatever. I don’t care. We’ll be like Romeo and Juliet”

El giggled at his silly decision, the sound muffled by Mike’s lips sweetly pecking hers. The following morning would probably be filled with her dad’s death threats and glares, but she didn’t care at the moment. They were there, together. For that night, that was all that mattered.

My heart stops when you look at me, just one touch now baby I believe this is real, so take a chance and don’t ever look back

She wasn't going to come. Mike knew it. He knew Hopper wouldn't risk El's safety for something as silly as a cheesy school dance, but he couldn't help but feel disappointed. He'd broken his promise the previous snowball and he was breaking it again. It sucked.

So when El entered the school gymnasium looking as beautiful as a princess in her blue dress, his heart fully stopped in its tracks. He forgot how to breathe and how to think, his legs standing up on their own.

They got close and he smiled stupidly at her. The only thing he could think was *beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful* so, of course, that's all he could tell her. He loved the shy smile she had given him after his compliment.

He asked her to dance and told her they would figure out how to do it together, but he was starting to have his doubts. He was the worst dancer ever, his mind not being able to coordinate his lanky body with the beat of the music.

However, when his and El's hands found each other, he believed it couldn't be that bad, not when she was *finally* next to him, looking dazzling.

While they were dancing, Mike couldn't believe he was holding her so close. The girl of his dreams, the one who he had so desperately been waiting for and calling every night was there with him, holding him by his neck and swaying to The Police with him. This couldn't be real.

But then El's lips were against his own for some seconds, fireworks exploding because of the long awaited contact, and he knew it. The way his heart beat wildly against his chest was real. The way her eyelashes fluttered against his face was real. The way their foreheads were pressed up together was real. They were real. She was real. She was there. She was home, and he was too.

We drove to Cali and got drunk on the beach, got a motel and built a fort out of sheets. I finally found you, my missing puzzle piece, I'm complete

When Max found out Mike and El were going to California to celebrate El's 21st birthday, she was the one who recommended them the best motel out of all the cheapest ones. She also told them where the best beaches were, and what they should and shouldn't visit.

Both Mike and El had solved their individual problems with Max long ago when El had returned. Now, Mike considered her one of his best friends and El loved her like a sister. Their party wouldn't be complete without their zoomer.

Taking advantage of their college break, they decided to go on a trip. El's birthday was coincidentally during their break, so they decided to go spend the special date somewhere else rather than their small apartment.

They were attending the same college in Chicago, El finding her way back to where she met her sister. Mike was studying engineering and El decided to study speech therapy, and she couldn't be happier to help people who had been through similar things than her.

They drove to California in Mike's car, going straight to the beach near their motel once they have checked in and left their luggage in their room.

The sun was setting, giving the sky some orange, red and pink tones which made a great contrast with the blue sea. The image was perfect, and El sighed contentedly, sitting next to Mike on the sand and resting her head on his shoulder.

Mike got something out of his backpack, hiding it from El's view. "Close your eyes" he asked her

Putting the bottle in El's lap, he told her to open her eyes. El bursted with laughter upon seeing the wine bottle, and Mike's mouth stretched into a wide grin

“Happy birthday, love. Now that it’s legal for you to drink I thought we could use some”

They drank the whole thing straight from the bottle, getting drunk and giggling at everything they saw. The beach was a surprisingly fun place to get wasted.

Once night had settled in, they returned to their motel hand in hand, talking nonsense and unable to stop laughing. The walk was short and only a few minutes later they were lying on the motel’s bed. Suddenly, an idea came to El’s mind

“Why don’t we make a fort like the one you made for me when you found me? It would be so much fun” she suggested

And so they spent the following hour and a half building the biggest blanket fort they could make, long and wide enough for both of them to fit inside. Making a fort while being wine drunk wasn’t an easy task, but after tons of dedication and effort, it was done.

As they lay inside the fort, cuddled up in silence, El noticed how good they fit together. Their bodies were seemingly made to be like that, pressed together, fitting perfectly. Not only that, but their personalities seemed to complement each other. She had what he lacked, and he had what she lacked. They were made for each other. They completed one another. They were each other’s missing puzzle piece.

I’mma get your heart racing in my skin tight jeans, be your teenage dream tonight. Let you put your hands on me, in my skin tight jeans, be your teenage dream tonight

When the party was invited to a real high school party during their junior year, they weren’t sure they would go. They weren’t the same losers they had been in middle school, but they definitely weren’t the most popular kids either. However, after Dustin’s and El’s restless insistence, the rest of the group agreed that some hours shared with

their drunk classmates wouldn't be the death of them (besides, Mike couldn't say no to El's puppy eyes, but that was a whole other topic)

The night of the party came quickly. El and Max had gotten ready at El's house, and they had gone with Will to the house where the party was being thrown. Mike, on the other hand, had gone by himself in his new car. He had gotten his license some months ago and, with the help of his parents' money, had spent all his savings on it.

He didn't want to be at the party, but his friends had arrived some minutes ago and he was trying his best to have the best night possible. The only ones left to arrive were Max, Will and El, and he couldn't wait for them to show up. He wasn't having the best time. Even though he was talking with Dustin and Lucas, a party wasn't his favorite environment.

That was until the moment he saw his girlfriend going straight to him and his mouth fell wide open and his heart raced. He couldn't ignore the hungry eyes around her scanning her body and the pang of jealousy that it caused, but none of that mattered now, not when she was looking so *hot*.

She had her long, curly hair loose, and she was wearing a bright pink, spaghetti strapped velvet shirt which showed some cleavage and skin tight jeans that hugged her body perfectly. Fuck, she looked gorgeous.

He greeted her with an intense kiss on her lips, smearing her lipstick just a little. He just couldn't resist it.

"Hey stranger" he told her once they had broken apart

"Hey, you" El told him, laughing while wiping with her thumb the lipstick that had clung to Mike's lips

"You look gorgeous" Mike complimented her

"You don't look too bad yourself" she told him with a smile. "Wanna dance?"

After she had finished greeting her friends, Mike accepted El's offer. They moved with the music, completely entranced by the other.

Mike's hands moved to hold El's hips, just where her jeans began. After some dancing and some kissing (*a lot of kissing*), the party had come to an end, and as Mike lay in his bed some hours later with a lovestruck smile on his face, he decided that maybe parties didn't suck. Maybe even being a teenager didn't suck. Not with El by his side.

Nothing would be bad if he had her.

Author's Note:

I hope you liked this! I'd love to know what you think of it